

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER OF A  
CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT.

Rehearsal Script  
BBC-1 Colour

Prog. Ident No. 50/LDL I 055T

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 7C

EPISODE 13 (7C-Ep.5): 'The Trial of a Time Lord'

by

Robert Holmes

Producer .....	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Script Editor .....	ERIC SAWARD
Production Associate .....	ANJI SMITH
Production Secretary .....	KATE EASTEAL
Director .....	CHRIS CLOUGH
Production Manager .....	IAN FRASER
A.F.M. ....	SALLY NEWMAN
Production Assistant .....	JANE WELLESLEY
Designer .....	DINAH WALKER
Costume Designer .....	ANDREW ROSE
Make-Up Artist .....	SHAUNNA HARRISON
Visual Effects Designer .....	KEVIN MOLLOY
Technical Co-ordinator .....	ALAN ARBUTHNOT
Lighting Director .....	DON BABBAGE
Sound Supervisor .....	BRIAN CLARK
Video Effects .....	DAVE CHAPMAN
Music .....	
Special Sound .....	DICK MILLS

FILMING:

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL:

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING: Studio

TRANSMISSION: Autumn 1986



CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
MELANIE  
THE INQUISITOR  
THE VALEYARD  
THE MASTER  
THE KEEPER  
MR. POPPELWICK  
SABALOM GLITZ

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

Trial Room  
Corridor  
First/Second's Clerk's Office

\* \* \* \* \*

TELECINE:

Ext. Alley. Night.

\* \* \* \* \*

MODEL SHOT

Space Station

\* \* \* \* \*



SUPOSE CAM

Opening  
Titles:

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Space.

(Model Shot)

We see the Space Station  
hanging against the void  
- as in T/C 1, Ep.1.

After a moment the light  
beam down which the  
Tardis drifted all those  
episodes ago is seen to  
be carrying two small  
objects.

As we CLOSE THE SHOT we  
see that they are caskets  
rather like the ornate  
objects sold on the U.S.  
death market.

They spin in towards the  
Station and vanish into  
a dark, gaping reception  
bay.

END TELECINE 1:



1. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(THE KEEPER OF  
THE MATRIX  
ENTERS AND BOWS  
TO THE INQUISITOR.

AS HE DOES, A  
SMALL MURMUR GOES  
ROUND THE TRIAL  
ROOM.

THE INQUISITOR  
ACKNOWLEDGES THE  
BOW AND THE  
KEEPER IS SEATED)

INQUISITOR: Thank you for coming  
so promptly, Keeper.

(BOTH THE DOCTOR  
AND VALEYARD HAVE  
EYED THIS UN-  
EXPECTED ARRIVAL  
WITH INTEREST.

THE INQUISITOR  
THEN TURNS TO  
THE DOCTOR)

The Valeyard has concluded his case.  
Do you have any defence to offer at  
all, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: The railyard's so-called  
evidence is a farrago of distortion  
that would have Ananias, Baron  
Munchausen and other famous liars  
blushing down to their very toe-  
nails! Nothing is as I remember  
it.



INQUISITOR: It may not be as you remember, Doctor, but - as has been said before - it is possible for there to be genuine differences in recollection.

THE DOCTOR: Not that different.

INQUISITOR: In my experience as an Inquisitor all criminals challenge the veracity of the evidence.

VALEYARD: Exactly, My Lady. That is a point I would have made in my concluding address - when I demand the supreme penalty.

INQUISITOR: Quite so, Valeyard. The difference here is that the evidence we have seen was not circumstantial, not open to interpretation, but hard facts drawn from the matrix itself.

THE DOCTOR: If you believe all that's in the matrix, ma'am, you'll believe anything. With respect.

INQUISITOR: Are you saying -

THE DOCTOR: That the matrix has been tampered with, yes. That the ragbag of evidence you have seen is the result of perjury. All I do not yet understand is who did it and why!

INQUISITOR: Your accusation would be laughable if it were not so outrageous. However ... as you have already witnessed, I have summoned the Keeper of the Matrix ... Keeper ...

(THE KEEPER RISES)

KEEPER: My Lady.



INQUISITOR: You have heard the Doctor's allegation. Is it at all possible for the data stored within the matrix to be tampered with in any way?

KEEPER: Quite impossible, My Lady. No-one may enter the matrix without the Key of Rassilon.

THE DOCTOR: By whom is the key used?

KEEPER: Qualified people. For inspection. Once in a millennia, perhaps, to replace a transductor ...

THE DOCTOR: Keys can be copied, you will agree.

KEEPER: The Key of Rassilon never leaves my possession.

THE DOCTOR: Except when it is in the hands of these qualified people?

VALEYARD: This is a ridiculous allegation, My Lady. The Doctor is challenging the evidence of the matrix on the grounds that it has been tampered with - a charge that he is totally unable to substantiate.

INQUISITOR: That is accepted. Wild accusations of malfeasance do not constitute a defence, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: The matrix can be physically penetrated - the Keeper has admitted as much. And the evidence you have been shown is totally at variance with my own memory. Therefore it has been deliberately distorted.

INQUISITOR: And who would do such a thing - even if it were possible?



THE DOCTOR: Somebody who wants my head. (POINTS) Such as the -

INQUISITOR: Careful, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: The Valeyard.

(THE VALEYARD SNORTS  
CONTEMPTUOUSLY)

INQUISITOR: If you were not already facing the most serious charges, such an accusation levelled against a senior prosecutor would bring you into contempt, Doctor.



2. INT. CORRIDOR.

(THE TWO CASKETS  
WE SAW IN T/C 1,  
LIE ON THE GROUND,  
NEXT TO EACH OTHER.

THERE IS A THUMPING  
FROM INSIDE ONE OF  
THEM.

FINALLY THE LID  
SLIPS ASIDE.

A FLUSHED AND  
DISHEVELLED SABALOM  
GLITZ SITS UP AND  
LOOKS AROUND.

AS HE DOES, A NOISE  
COMES FROM INSIDE  
THE SECOND CASKET)

MELANIE: (O.O.V.) What's going on?  
Let me out of here!

GLITZ: Dibber? ... What's happened  
to your voice, lad?

(THE LID OF THE  
SECOND CASKET  
SLIDES BACK AND  
MELANIE SITS UP)

MELANIE: (STERNLY) I am not Dibber.  
Neither am I a lad. And what's  
more, there is nothing wrong with  
my voice. As a matter of total  
disinterest, who are you?

GLITZ: I ... er ... Sabalom  
Glitz ... (cont ...)



- 13/7 -

(WORRIEDLY, GLITZ  
STARTS TO CLIMB  
OUT OF HIS CASKET)

GLITZ: (cont) Are they all like  
you here?

(MELANIE ALSO  
STARTS TO CLIMB  
FROM HER CASKET)

MELANIE: I don't know. Shall we  
go and find out.



3. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

INQUISITOR: There is only one way to rebut the evidence of the matrix, Doctor - and that is to produce witnesses who can support your version of events. Can you do that?

THE DOCTOR: Of course I can't. You know I can't.

INQUISITOR: Then we must accept the Valeyard's evidence.

THE DOCTOR: Ma'am, such witnesses as I might call are scattered all over the universe and all through time. How can I find them now?

VALEYARD: Time-wasting, My Lady. The Doctor's only defence seems to be this ridiculous-

(THE DOOR OPENS.

GLITZ AND MELANIE  
ENTER.

THEY STARE AT HIM)

THE DOCTOR: Glitz! Melanie!  
How did you get here?

GLITZ: I was sent, wasn't I? Not my wish, mind you.



MELANIE: Same here. (TO THE DOCTOR) What're you been up to?

INQUISITOR: Be silent! Who sent you here?

GLITZ: (TO THE DOCTOR) That's the beak, is it. They all look the same. Carved out of something hard and nasty.

INQUISITOR: You said you were sent here, Sabalom Glitz. By whom?

MASTER: By me, madam.

(THEY SWING ROUND.

THE MASTER IS  
STARING DOWN FROM  
THE SCREEN.

THE DOCTOR GROANS)

THE DOCTOR: Oh no! Now I am finished ...

GLITZ: Who is it?

THE DOCTOR: Just one of my oldest enemies.

INQUISITOR: This is entirely irregular! Who are you, sir!

MASTER: I am known as the Master. And, as you see, I speak to you from within the matrix - proof, if any be needed, that not only qualified people can enter here.

KEEPER: But you haven't the Key of Rassilon -



(THE MASTER HOLDS  
UP A KEY.

LARGE, GLITTERING  
OF CURIOUS SHAPE)

MASTER: I have a very good copy,  
Keeper - just as the Doctor said  
was possible.

INQUISITOR: This is an official  
court appointed by the High Council  
to consider the most serious -

MASTER: Madam, I know. I have  
followed the trial with great interest  
and, indeed, amusement. But now I  
must intervene for the sake of  
justice.

THE DOCTOR: Take no notice, ma'am!  
He doesn't know what justice is.  
He'd see me dead tomorrow!

MASTER: Gladly Doctor. But not if  
you forfeit your remaining lives to  
the Valeyard. As an adversary I  
can deal with you. (HEAVY) I am not  
prepared to countenance a rival!

VALEYARD: My Lady, I must propose  
an immediate adjournment -

INQUISITOR: I am sorry, Valeyard.  
The prosecution's evidence is  
completed. The ball, as the Doctor  
might say, is now out of your court.

(THE DOCTOR IS IN  
DEEP THOUGHT OVER  
THE MASTER'S LAST  
SPEECH)



MASTER: Doctor, I have sent you two star witnesses. I knew you would need them.

(THE DOCTOR RISES  
TO HIS FEET)

VALEYARD: With respect, sagacity, the matter of admissible witnesses is for you to decide. We have seen enough to know that Glitz is an admitted criminal. Any testimony from him must, therefore, be dubious in the extreme -

MELANIE: But not from me. I'm as truthful, honest and about as boring as they come.

INQUISITOR: This court at the moment, is not impugning your integrity, young lady.

MASTER: Let Sabalom Glitz speak.

(THE INQUISITOR  
PONDERS FOR  
A MOMENT)

INQUISITOR: Criminals have been known to speak the truth, Valeyard. Especially when their own interests are not at stake.

VALEYARD: My point, My Lady, is that this person who calls himself the Master, whoever he might be, should not be permitted to produce surprise witnesses. The prosecution has no knowledge of -

INQUISITOR: As I understand it, Valeyard, the evidence for the prosecution is now concluded. The Doctor may now in his defence call witnesses to rebut that evidence.  
(cont ...)



INQUISITOR: (cont) After which you have the right to cross-question them on what they have said. That is the procedure.

VALEYARD: My Lady.

(THE MASTER WATCHING  
THIS EXCHANGE,  
IS GRINNING)

MASTER: If I might interced -

INQUISITOR: You have no part in these proceedings, sir!

MASTER: Corporeally, of course not. But I am present - and enjoying myself enormously. I merely wished to comment on the shortness of the Valeyard's memory.

INQUISITOR: In what respect?

VALEYARD: My Lady -

(SHE WAVES HIM  
ASIDE)

INQUISITOR: Let him continue.

MASTER: The Valeyard - or, as I have always known him, the Doctor - is amongst my most constant and determined foes. And now he effects not to recognise me!

VALEYARD: This is clearly a blatant attempt by the Doctor's cronies -

THE DOCTOR: Now just a minute! Did you call him Doctor!



MASTER: Your twelfth and final incarnation ... and I may say you do not improve with age.

THE DOCTOR: Can anyone believe that this worm, this lackey of the High Council's -

MELANIE: He is very like you round the eyes.

THE DOCTOR: Rubbish!

MELANIE: And the mouth. When I first saw him I thought to myself -

THE DOCTOR: Shut up!

MELANIE: (CONTINUING) I thought (POINTS AT VALEYARD) he has to be the Doctor's brother.

(THE INQUISITOR  
RUBS HER BROW  
RATHER WEARILY,  
TRYING TO ACCOMMODATE  
THIS NEW TURN  
OF EVENTS)

VALEYARD: My Lady, these scandalous accusations ...

(SHE STOPS HIM  
WITH A LOOK)

INQUISITOR: The single purpose of this trial is to determine the guilt or otherwise of the Doctor on the basis of the evidence that has been presented. Anything else is, for the moment, irrelevant.



VALEYARD: Thank you, Madam  
Inquisitor.

INQUISITOR: Examine your witness,  
Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Yes ma'am.

(HE TURNS TO  
GLITZ WHO HAS  
BEEN SCRUTINISING  
AND FEELING  
THE STAND)

GLITZ: This is real machanite, y'  
know. Worth a few grotzis today.  
Your honour, I could give you a  
very fair price for the whole lot -

THE DOCTOR: Glitz!

GLITZ: Carriage included ... what?

THE DOCTOR: You were sent here by  
the Master?

GLITZ: He is a business partner,  
so to speak, we've pulled a few  
good -

THE DOCTOR: The court isn't  
interested in your squalid ventures,  
Glitz.

INQUISITOR: Very good, Doctor.  
Keep him to the point.

THE DOCTOR: When we first met,  
Glitz, your main interest was in  
getting possession of a chest of  
secrets.

GLITZ: Right.



THE DOCTOR: What were those secrets?

GLITZ: I dunno. Scientific stuff, that's what he said. (INDICATING MASTER) Stuff the Sleepers had been nicking from the matrix for years.

KEEPER: The matrix? My matrix?

GLITZ: Right. The Sleepers had figured how to break into it. So they were creaming off all this hi-tech info to take home to Andromeda -

THE DOCTOR: But they were operating from Earth?

GLITZ: Course. That was their cover, wasn't it? They knew the Time Lords would trace the leak eventually.

VALEYARD: This is a palpable tissue of lies, My Lady!

THE DOCTOR: I don't think so, Stackyard. It begins to make very good sense.

MELANIE: Attaboy, Doc. Now we're getting at the dirt!

THE DOCTOR: Continue, Glitz. What happened then?

GLITZ: Well, it seems the Time Lords sussed the leak so they tried to knock off the Sleepers. They used this magno - magno-thing -



THE DOCTOR: Magnotron?

GLITZ: That's it.

THE DOCTOR: That could only have been done by an order in High Council!

MASTER: Of course, Doctor. To protect their own secrets they drew the Earth and its constellation billions of miles across space.

THE DOCTOR: Causing the fireball which almost destroyed the planet!

MASTER: Of little consequence in the High Council's planning, Doctor. The robot recovery mission from Andromeda sped past Earth and out into space. Gallifreyan secrets were saved. Except that, at the first intimation of the coming fireball, the Andromedans were able to set up a survival chamber for the Sleepers.

THE DOCTOR: So that's why Earth was re-named Ravolox! That sanctimonious gang of hypocrites were simply covering their tracks!

MASTER: Exactly. It takes time. Doctor, but eventually you get there.

THE DOCTOR: They put an ancient culture like Earth's to the sword for the sake of a few miserable, filthy, scientific advances -

GLITZ: Big market for them, Doctor - so he said. Worth a lot of grotzis.



THE DOCTOR: (ALMOST TO HIMSELF)  
In all my wanderings through the universe I have battled against evil. Against power-mad conspirators. I should have stayed on Gallifrey, the oldest civilisation - decadent, degenerate, and rotten to the core! Power-mad conspirators! (HE LAUGHS MADLY) Daleks. Sontarans. Cybermen. They're still in the nursery compared to us. Ten million years of total power. That's what it takes to be really corrupt.

MELANIE: Take it easy, Doc.

INQUISITOR: (NODS) These unseemly outbursts do not assist the court, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Unseemly outbursts! If I hadn't visited Ravolox, as I then thought of it, the High Council would have kept this outrage carefully buried - as they apparently already had for several centuries!

MASTER: I must agree - you have an endearing habit of blundering into these things, Doctor. And the High Council took full advantage of your blunder.

INQUISITOR: Explain that.

MASTER: They made a deal with the Valeyard to adjust the evidence - in return for which he was promised the remainder of the Doctor's regenerations -

MELANIE: (POINTS) Doctor!

(THE VALEYARD IS  
SLIPPING FROM THE  
ROOM)



- 13/18 -

INQUISITOR: Valeyard -

THE DOCTOR: Come on, Glitz.

GLITZ: What?

THE DOCTOR: We need him - if you  
want your money.

(THEY RUN AFTER  
THE VALEYARD)

- 18 -



4. INT. CORRIDOR.

(NO SIGN OF THE  
VALEYARD AS THE  
DOCTOR AND GLITZ  
BURST INTO THE  
CORRIDOR.

THEY LOOK AROUND)

GLITZ: He hasn't had time -

THE DOCTOR: There must be a way out  
of here.

(HE STARTS SEARCHING  
AS THE INQUISITOR,  
THE KEEPER, AND  
MELANIE APPEAR  
BEHIND)

GLITZ: He's scarpered.

KEEPER: The seventh door. He must  
have had a key.

THE DOCTOR: What?

(THE KEEPER POINTS)

KEEPER: The seventh entrance to the  
matrix.

THE DOCTOR: Then open it. He has  
to be brought back!

INQUISITOR: I agree. There are  
several questions -



THE DOCTOR: Hurry!

(HE SNATCHES THE  
KEY FROM THE  
KEEPER AND PLANTS  
IT FLATLY AGAINST  
THE SURFACE OF  
THE WALL.

A PANEL OPENS)

KEEPER: You'll never find him. The  
matrix is a micro-universe -

MELANIE: Don't go, Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: I must! Perhaps nothing  
in my life has been as important as  
this. Come on, Glitz!

(HE PULLS GLITZ  
BY THE ARM AND  
STEPS INTO THE  
PANEL)

GLITZ: (RESISTING) Who, me?

(THE PANEL SLIDES  
SHUT BEHIND THEM)

MELANIE: Doctor!

INQUISITOR: Silence, girl! Let us  
return to the trial room.

MELANIE: Why? There's nobody to  
try anymore!

INQUISITOR: Come, both of you.



TELECINE 2:

Ext. Narrow Alley.  
Night.

Or as night as possible  
- perhaps even day for  
night.

The feel of the alley  
is that of decaying  
Victorian eeriness.

A solitary gas lamp  
splutters and spits as  
it fights the fog in  
a desperate attempt  
to illuminate the  
darkness.

Suddenly the night air  
is full of drunken  
shouts and rowdy  
laughter as though  
emanating from a  
distant pub.

Much closer, we hear  
the evil almost unreal  
sound of the VALEYARD  
laughing.

The CAMERA travels  
the length of the  
alley as though in  
search of the sound-  
track noise, but all  
it locates is a mangy  
cat scavanging in a  
pile of rubbish.

Suddenly a thin, very  
bright strip of white  
light forms, accompanied  
by a high-pitch, rather  
menacing electronic  
sound.



This proves too much  
for the cat, who,  
panic stricken, bolts  
into the night.

A moment later, as  
though propelled by  
unseen hands, THE  
DOCTOR is thrust out  
of the white light,  
which then vanishes.

THE DOCTOR: (DISTRESSED) What an  
unpleasant journey ... (HE LOOKS  
AROUND) And what an unpleasant  
place.

THE DOCTOR turns  
back to where the  
white light was.

THE DOCTOR: Glitz?

No reply.

THE DOCTOR: Glitz!

The evil laugh is  
again heard.

THE DOCTOR spins round  
and from his P.O.V. we  
momentarily see the  
back of the VALEYARD  
as he disappears into  
a dense patch of yellow  
fog.

THE DOCTOR gives chase,  
but the VALEYARD has  
vanished.

Confused by the sudden  
loss of his quarry,  
THE DOCTOR cautiously  
continues his search,  
now checking the dark  
doorways that flank  
this section of the alley.



THE DOCTOR then pauses  
at a large, very full  
rainwater barrel.

THE DOCTOR smiles and  
peers down into the  
water.

THE DOCTOR: I can't believe you're  
in there.

Suddenly TWO powerful,  
knarled HANDS break  
surface, and with  
enormous strength,  
start to pull the  
TIME LORD'S HEAD  
under the water.

THE DOCTOR: Glitz!

THE DOCTOR struggles  
with all his might,  
but he is in serious  
trouble.

The harsh, evil  
laughter is heard  
again.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

A confused GLITZ  
staggers through the  
strip of white light.

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V.) Glitz!

Even more confused,  
GLITZ looks around.

GLITZ: Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V.) Hurry, man!



Uncertain, GLITZ  
moves off in the  
direction of the  
voice.

ANOTHER ANGLE

THE DOCTOR is lying  
next to the rainwater  
barrel in great  
distress.

GLITZ arrives.

GLITZ: What's going on?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know ...

He climbs slowly to  
his feet.

THE DOCTOR: That is, I don't know  
if what just happened was real or  
an illusion.

GLITZ indicates  
THE DOCTOR'S torn  
shirt collar.

GLITZ: That looks real enough to  
me. Someone's had a go at you.

THE DOCTOR: Would you mind?

Points at the water  
barrel.

GLITZ: What ...?

Turns to the barrel.

GLITZ: Oh, yeah ... Sure.



GLITZ scoopes up  
some water in his  
cupped hands.

THE DOCTOR: We're not in the real  
world any longer, Sabalom Glitz.  
What attacked me was in that barrel ...

GLITZ'S FACE creases  
with anger. He  
opens his hands and  
allows the water to  
pour back.

THE DOCTOR: Or was it just in my  
mind?

GLITZ: How can we be in a different  
world. We just stepped through a  
door, that's all.

THE DOCTOR: But into the matrix,  
where the only logic is that there  
is no logic.

GLITZ: I knew this was a mistake  
... Look, I'm off.

Rummages in his pocket  
and pulls out a sheet  
of crumpled paper.

GLITZ: My grip on reality is not  
too good at the best of times. This  
is for you.

Hands the paper to  
THE DOCTOR, who  
glances at it.

GLITZ: Now if you wouldn't mind  
telling me how I get out of here  
...



THE DOCTOR: This is from the Master!

GLITZ: I know, I've just given it to you.

Tries to glance over the DOCTOR'S SHOULDER.

GLITZ: He said it would be useful.

THE DOCTOR: It tells me where the Valeyard has his base.

GLITZ: (READS) "The Fantasy Factory, proprietor J.J. Chambers".

THE DOCTOR retraces his steps along the alley.

THE DOCTOR: So that's where he got to.

GLITZ joins THE DOCTOR and finds that he is standing in front of a board attached to a door. On it it says: "The Fantasy Factory, prop. J.J. Chambers".

THE DOCTOR: So why is the Master helping me?

GLITZ: Yeah, well, I'm sure you'll find out.

THE DOCTOR: Come on, I want you to meet my other self.



THE DOCTOR rattles  
at the door handle.

GLITZ: I've done my bit.

THE DOCTOR: Just pop in and say  
hallo. You'll be perfectly safe.

Suddenly the door  
flies open.

GLITZ: What's going on?

A large old-fashioned  
whaler's harpoon,  
thrown from within  
the "factory", thuds  
into GLITZ'S chest.

He screams and  
collapses.

END TELECINE 2.



5. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(MELANIE, THE  
KEEPER AND THE  
INQUISITOR  
STAND BEFORE THE  
SCREEN FACING  
THE MASTER.

OTHER MEMBERS OF  
THE COURT SIT  
AROUND SOMEWHAT  
BEMUSED BY EVENTS)

MELANIE: Is there anything we can  
do to help?

MASTER: Remain calm. Concentrate  
your thoughts. Prepare for the worse.

KEEPER: Sounds a bit gloomy.

MASTER: Do you have any other  
suggestions, my dear Keeper?

(THE KEEPER  
SHAKES HIS  
HEAD)

INQUISITOR: (EMBARRASSED) Assuming  
I accept what you say about the  
evidence against the Doctor ... How  
much of it had been contrived?

MASTER: For a lie to work, madam,  
it must be shrouded in the truth.  
Therefore most of what you saw was  
true.



- 13/29 -

INQUISITOR: (HESITANTLY) The young person, the one who died ... Was that true?

MASTER: The delightful Miss Perpagilliam Brown. That was clever of the Valeyard, exploiting the affection the Doctor had for her. But then, of course, the Valeyard would know precisely how the Doctor felt.

INQUISITOR: Then she lives?

MASTER: She is a queen set up on high by that war mongering fool Yrcanos.

INQUISITOR: I'm pleased.

MASTER: Sentiment will not keep the Doctor alive, madam.

- 29 -



TELECINE 3:

Ext. Alley. Night.

GLITZ lies prostrate  
as though dead.

The harpoon lies next  
to him.

THE DOCTOR paces  
restlessly up and  
down.

THE DOCTOR: You'll get cold lying  
there.

GLITZ opens his eyes.

GLITZ: You're a hard man, you are.  
My nerves in shreds. I could've been  
killed!

THE DOCTOR: Not when you're wearing  
a mark seven Postidion Life Preserver.

GLITZ sits up.

GLITZ: Yeah, well ... Whoever threw  
that harpoon didn't know that!

Prods the harpoon.

GLITZ: So much for illusions ...

He then climbs to  
his feet.

GLITZ: I thought it was you he  
wanted to kill.



GLITZ unbuttons his jacket and examines the life preserver for damage.

THE DOCTOR: (NODS) He's playing games. Wants to humiliate me first.

GLITZ: Oh, I see, that's how it is, is it. He humiliates you by flinging harpoons at me!? That doesn't seem to make much sense.

THE DOCTOR: Of course it does. By using fantasy and illusion the Valeyard will try to destroy me.

GLITZ: Well?

THE DOCTOR: Your presence makes his task more difficult. He knows that. He also knows that together we can fight him.

GLITZ: Look, I'm a small time crook, with small time ambitions - one of which is to stay alive. I wish you every good luck, Doctor, but I'm off. I've done my bit.

He starts to move off.

THE DOCTOR: The Valeyard must be stopped and his agreement with the High Council broken.

GLITZ: Something best done by another Time Lord.

THE DOCTOR: Who is begging for your help.



GLITZ: Yeah, well ... Look, Doctor, this is all a bit embarrassing -

THE DOCTOR: If you leave - and I die - do you think you'll have a future? As the only witness to events here, the Valeyard will be forced to seek you out and kill you.

GLITZ: You have a mean way of arguing.

THE DOCTOR: I'm telling you the truth.

GLITZ: Oh, all right ... I'll help.

THE DOCTOR: Good man. Now button your life preserver and let's get on with it.

THE DOCTOR runs into the factory.

Reluctantly GLITZ picks up the harpoon and follows.

END TELECINE 3.



6. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(THE MASTER  
STARING SARDONICALLY  
FROM THE SCREEN.

THE INQUISITOR  
IS ADDRESSING  
HIM DIRECTLY)

INQUISITOR: In all my experience I  
have never before had to conclude a  
case in the absence of both the accused  
and the prosecutor.

MASTER: One and the same person,  
madam.

INQUISITOR: So you said. But can you  
prove that?

MASTER: I know them both. But I  
suggest you question the High Council.  
They set up this travesty of a trial,  
making a scapegoat of the Doctor to  
conceal their own involvement.

INQUISITOR: Is there any reason why I  
should accept that allegation from a  
renegade Time Lord?

MASTER: Yes, if you are concerned with  
learning the truth.

INQUISITOR: What is your interest  
in this matter? Not, I think, concern  
for the Doctor.



MASTER: Oh, indeed not. But the Doctor is well-matched against himself. One must destroy the other.

MELANIE: How utterly evil!

MASTER: Thank you. I think I would lay a shade of odds on the Valeyard. But the possibility of their mutual destruction must exist. That would be perfect.

MELANIE: You're despicable!

MASTER: So many compliments ... May I say you're a charming child?

MELANIE: You beast!

INQUISITOR: Be quiet, girl. (TO MASTER) Am I to take it that some base desire for revenge was your motive for interfering?

MASTER: There is nothing purer and more unsullied than the desire for revenge, madam. But if you follow the metaphor, I have thrown a pebble into the water, perhaps killing two birds with one stone, and causing ripples that will rock the High Council to its foundations. What more could a renegade wish for?



7. INT. FIRST CLERK'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

(THE LOUNGE OF  
THE SPACE SHIP  
REDRESSED.

ALTHOUGH THE HI-TECH  
WALLS REMAIN, ALL  
THE ORIGINAL FURNITURE  
HAS BEEN REMOVED.

IN ITS PLACE IS  
A VICTORIAN CLERK'S  
DESK, COMPLETE WITH  
HIGH STOOL, CANDLE,  
INK STAND, LARGE  
LEDGER AND AN OLD  
FASHIONED PUSH BELL.

THE ROOM IS DARK  
AND SHADOWY, THE  
SOURCE OF LIGHT  
BEING THE CANDLE.

SEATED ON THE  
STOOL IS MR POPPLEWICK  
A THIN, ANGULAR  
MAN IN HIS MID-FORTIES.  
EVERYTHING ABOUT HIM  
IS SOUR - INCLUDING  
HIS BREATH.

HE IS DRESSED IN LATE  
VICTORIAN CLERK'S  
ATTIRE AND IS WRITING  
WITH A SQUEAKY, SCRATCHY  
STEEL NIBBED PEN.

THE DOOR OF THE  
ROOM OPENS AND THE  
DOCTOR AND GLITZ  
PEER IN)

GLITZ: This isn't what I expected.

(THEY ENTER.



MR POPPLEWICK DOES  
NOT RESPOND, BUT  
CONTINUES TO ENSCRIBE  
THE PAGE OF HIS  
LEDGER)

THE DOCTOR: The combination is a bit  
odd. Hi-tech vistani alloy walls  
cocooning what appears to be rather  
a crusty Victorian Clerk. All very  
anachronistic.

(THEY CROSS TO  
THE CLERK'S DESK)

How d'you do. I think we're expected.

(MR POPPLEWICK CONTINUES  
TO WRITE)

GLITZ: Are you sure we're in the right  
place?

(THE DOCTOR POUNDS  
THE BELL ON THE  
CLERK'S DESK.

SLOWLY, MR POPPLEWICK  
LOOKS UP)

POPPLEWICK: Yes?

THE DOCTOR: We've come to see the  
proprietor.

POPPLEWICK: Do you have an appointment,  
sir? Mr. Chambers only sees people  
by appointment. Most particular  
about appointments is our Mr. Chambers.

THE DOCTOR: I think you'll find  
we're expected.



POPPLEWICK: And what is your name, sir.

THE DOCTOR: I'm known as the Doctor. And this is Mr. Sabalom Glitz.

(POPPLEWICK TURNS  
THE PAGE OF HIS  
LEDGER AND RUNS HIS  
FINGER DOWN A LONG  
LIST OF NAMES)

GLITZ: (LOW VOICE) If this Valeyard wants you dead, he's got a rum way of going about it.

THE DOCTOR: I told you, it's called humiliation. (TO POPPLEWICK) Can you hurry. We haven't got all day.

POPPLEWICK: There are procedures to follow, sir. Necessary routines to be completed. Even when I have found your names, there are many forms to be enscribed before you may move on to the next stage of processing.

(SNIFFS THEN ADDS  
VERY EARNESTLY)

Processing is very important in this establishment.

(EYES THEM UP  
AND DOWN DISTASTEFULLY)

I'm sure even you can understand that such things cannot be rushed ...  
(SPITS THE WORD OUT) sir.



(THE DOCTOR GLANCES  
OVER HIS SHOULDER.  
FROM HIS P.O.V.  
WE SEE ANOTHER  
DOOR. ABOVE  
IT IS A NOTICE  
WHICH READS:  
"ENTRANCE BY APPOINTMENT  
ONLY")

THE DOCTOR: Oh, I don't know. I've  
always been a bit of an iconoclast  
by nature.

(HE CROSSES TO  
THE DOOR FOLLOWED  
BY GLITZ)

POPPLEWICK: (ALARMED) You can't go  
in there, sir. Not without an  
appointment!

(THE DOCTOR  
THROWS OPEN THE  
DOOR AND ENTERS)



8. INT. SECOND CLERK'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

(THIS IS IDENTICAL  
TO THE FIRST CLERK'S  
OFFICE, EXCEPT  
THAT IT REFLECTS  
THE SECOND CLERK'S  
SENIORITY IN PETTY  
LITTLE WAYS.

HE HAS TWO CANDLES  
ON HIS DESK.

THERE IS A STAND  
FOR HIS HEAVY  
OUTDOOR COAT ETC.

POPPLEWICK LOOKS  
UP AS THE DOCTOR  
ENTERS.

HE IS IDENTICAL TO  
THE ORIGINAL POPPLEWICK  
EXCEPT THAT HE WEARS  
HALF FRAME GLASSES  
AND A DIFFERENT  
JACKET.

HIS MANNER IS ALSO  
SLIGHTLY MORE  
FRIENDLY AND LESS  
LEADEN IN THE DOGMA  
OF BUREAURCRACY)

POPPLEWICK: Ah, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: At least you're expecting  
us.

POPPLEWICK: We all are.

GLITZ: You're look-alike outside  
wasn't.



POPPLEWICK: He is the exception. As a very junior clerk, Mr. Popplewick is not permitted to expect anyone, sir.

GLITZ: Oh ... What's he talkin' about?

THE DOCTOR: I think it's called bureaurcracy.

POPPLEWICK: I prefer to call it order. And the holy writ of order is procedure. I'm sure you agree?

GLITZ: Oh, yeah, of course.

POPPLEWICK: For example, you wish to see the proprietor. Now the procedure is to make an appointment.

THE DOCTOR: We're already expected.

POPPLEWICK: But the junior Mr. Popplewick is not allowed to expect anyone.

GLITZ: You knew we were coming. Why didn't you give him the nod?

POPPLEWICK: And upset the procedure? The junior Mr. Popplewick has his pride, too.

GLITZ: (TO THE DOCTOR) I don't understand any of this. Here we are waiting to duck a terminal knuckle sandwich from the Valeyard, and this screed's goin' on about whether we've got an appointment or not.



THE DOCTOR: Is there no way to expedite the procedure?

POPPLEWICK: Expedite! I am a senior clerk, sir. To me the procedure is sacrosanct. My work is a celebration of all that is perfect. Why speed perfection?

THE DOCTOR: Because your proprietor wants me dead.

POPPLEWICK: (MATTER OF FACT) It seems that you have found the one little weakness in our procedure, sir.

(HANDS THE DOCTOR  
A SHEET OF PAPER)

Would you sign this please.

THE DOCTOR: What is it?

POPPLEWICK: A consent form, sir. The corridors in this factory are long and dark. Should you unexpectedly die, our blessed proprietor, Mr J.J. Chambers, insists that he inherits your remaining lives.

THE DOCTOR: The Valeyard must be concerned the High Council may no longer be in a position to fulfill their side of the deal.

GLITZ: You're a dead man as soon as you sign it.

THE DOCTOR: We are in the Valeyard's domain. He can kill me any time he likes. I'll sign my remaining lives over to Mr J.J. Chambers.



(THE DOCTOR ACCEPTS  
THE PEN OFFERED  
BY POPPLEWICK AND  
SIGNS THE SHEET  
OF PAPER)

GLITZ: Are you sure about this?

THE DOCTOR: Positive. Now can I  
see your proprietor?

(POPPLEWICK POINTS  
A FINGER TOWARDS  
A DOOR)

POPPLEWICK: The waiting room is that  
way, sir. You will be summoned  
as soon as your signature has been  
verified.

(THE DOCTOR CROSSES  
TO THE DOOR FOLLOWED  
BY A COMPLAINING  
GLITZ)

GLITZ: This madness!

THE DOCTOR: Not if it precipitates  
my meeting with the Valeyard.

(HE THROWS OPEN  
THE DOOR AND ENTERS)



TELECINE 4:

Ext. Mud Flats. Day.

Flat mud for as far  
as the eye can see,  
topped by a vivid  
orange sky.

THE DOCTOR: This is a very odd  
waiting room. Where are the  
hopelessly out of date magazines?

Suddenly THE DOCTOR  
becomes aware that  
he is alone.

THE DOCTOR: Glitz?

He looks around,  
the CAMERA PANNING  
as his P.O.V.

THE DOCTOR: (V.O.) Glitz!

As a voice over  
we hear the evil  
laugh of the  
Valeyard.

THE DOCTOR: What have you done with  
him?

VALEYARD: (V.O.) Look to your own  
predicament, Doctor.



Suddenly a slime covered  
hand reaches from the  
mud and grips the  
Doctor's ankle.

THE DOCTOR: This is an  
illusion. I deny it.

VALEYARD: (V.O.) Not  
this time.

A second hand locks onto  
his other ankle.

THE DOCTOR: This isn't  
happening!

A third hand shoots  
from the mud and locks  
onto the lower half of  
his leg.

The evil laugh of the  
Valeyard is heard.

VALEYARD: (V.O.) You are  
dead, Doctor.

Another hand has come  
out of the mud and locked  
onto his leg.

The Doctor bends down  
to release it, but  
another hand grabs his  
and he is pulled over.

Slowly he is drawn down  
into the mud.

VALEYARD: (V.O.) Goodbye,  
Doctor.

END TITLES